

# Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

OCTOBER, 1900.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### THE GREATER GAME.\*

When Brooks came to himself once more, out of a dream as it were, as he stood upright and looked at the little broken line of men at the left, he realized that he, Brooks Major, the captain of the school, was in command. He, an officer of twenty-four hours, in command of an isolated detachment of men away out on the African plains, outnumbered, outgeneralled, almost hopeless and with all the responsibility resting upon him.

The Captain, who lay at his feet, motioned with his finger, and Brooks put his ear to the stiffening lips. "Hold the men," he gasped,—“hold the men all you can—as long as you can. Wait for your orders. Don't let the old corps dishonor itself. Stand by our colors. Wait—for—your—orders—” That was all, and the man who was shot passed on.

The men had settled down now into stolid quietude. There was no hope, no thought for the next moment, only a low crouching to the earth, a flattening of their bodies, a straining of their eyes towards the hilltop, nothing more.

It was past noon. For some reason the fighting over yonder, over where the main body of the troops lay, had slackened.

As Brooks with his own hands loosened the sheath to the colors, and un-

rolled softly and reverently the Union Jack, his thoughts went back to the old school, which he felt he would never see again.

He gathered together little clods of earth and roots of grass around the staff of the flag until it would stand alone, for he would not let the color sergeant stand to hold it. As the breeze, now scarcely more than a breath, gently fluttered the silken folds, all up and down the line there came a hearty cheer, and Brooks' heart swelled within him, for he thought they were cheering the flag; but in an instant he saw it was not so.

Away out on the veldt, now half hidden in flying dust and now in clear sunshine, rode a man on a galloping horse. Brooks watched him with heart standing still.

The man sat close and low, with his body bent well forward and down to the neck of the horse. Around the end of the hill he swept spurring hard, and then, when the speck of the horse began to grow larger, and Brooks knew that his orders were coming, the firing on the hill, which had wellnigh died out, began again in sharp, rhythmic volleys, some seconds apart, but constant and steady; and all at once the galloping horse fell into a trot, and the trot slowed down to a walk, and the man on him began to disengage one foot as if to dismount, when all at once his hands went up,

\*For the Queen in South Africa. By Caryl Davis Hawkins. Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Co.

his legs straightened, the horse went out from under him, and a poor lone Lancer lay away out on the veldt with Brooks' orders in his pockets.

At Sandhurst they teach many things. They build excellent bridges out of telegraph poles, they float pontoons in water where the mud scarce settles before the next exercises begin; but there is one thing which from time to time a soldier has to do which they do not teach at Sandhurst,—they do not teach men to think.

When Brooks realized that away out on the veldt lay his orders, that between those orders and him stretched a space of almost certain death, and that he was there in command, with the lives of nigh a hundred men in his hands (two hundred a few hours before), his courage failed him for an instant. Then with a jerk he came back to the spiteful, fiery, busy world around him.

He got down on his hands and knees cautiously, and flattened himself on the earth, full of the thought of his own preclousness, and crept over where the first sergeant of his company lay, flattened like a pannikin, behind a little bush. "I say, look here, Sergeant, he said; "those are our orders." The sergeant, much bedraggled, with a little dried-up crimson rivulet down his face, and one hand in his pocket because he could not get it out, saluted with the wrong hand, and said, "Yes, sir, our orders, sir."

Brooks stopped and thought a moment. "Look here, Sergeant, I am a good bit of a young 'un, and I haven't belonged to the corps long." The sergeant grinned. "So I want your advice, Sergeant. What do you think we had better do?"

The sergeant, as if on the cricket field, plucked and chewed a blade of grass reflectively, and said, after deep musing: "Well, sir, as you ask me, sir, I think we had best obey orders."

Brooks groaned in split, and crawled away again.

Over on the other side of the hill there was only an occasional shot, and the sun was getting angular in the western heavens. Brooks did not know what to do. Finally he thought it out in this wise. "We were sent out here to make a distraction in favor of the main body of troops. When orders reached us, we were to go up and strike and bring those Johnnies over this side, and let the General walk up the other. *That* is what we were to do when the orders came. The orders haven't come; but they started, they are out there now on the veldt, and I can't get them."

Brooks rose and walked out to the front of the men, held his new sword up over his head, the sword that we fellows had given him, and stood as if on parade. "Company, attention!" The men held up their heads and looked towards him. He turned to the first sergeant, and said, "Sergeant, form up the men!"

The men rose from the ground, wondering. They were past fear now, and as they rose the ripple of shots broke out again, and some of them never stood up entirely.

Then, in the face of that fire, Brooks fixed bayonets, swung into company front, and turned once more to face the men; and this is what he said: "Sergeant, bring those colors to the front. Give them to me. We are going up there to give those Johnnies a shove. Every man play close up to the ball, and don't forget good old England!"

He turned, waved his colors once, threw his sword away and started up the hill,—started up the hill in the face of a sea of fire, with scarce a hundred men behind him, up in the face of over three thousand.

Over the gradual rise they swept, with a short, sharp cheer, dropping

men at every step. Brooks ran well ahead—one arm hanging loose at his side, the colors pointed forward—ran with the strong springy run of the football player, well ahead of his men, with the sergeant next behind him, followed by seventy-five men, followed by fifty, followed by thirty, up to where the hill became steep and where some went on their hands and knees to follow and never rose again.

Up the final slope he went, followed by fifteen. Up to the parapet, with the Union Jack well advanced, with the good old school-cry on his lips, "Play up close to the ball! On the ball!" With his heart in football, with never a thought of battle, until he reached almost the top of the parapet, and strange faces looked down upon him—faces with deep-set lines, and blue-gray eyes looking along rifle-barrels. Then he fired his pistol into those faces once, twice, three times, and for the first time that day Martins cracked on the windward side of the hill.

The next instant Brooks staggered to the top of the parapet, the Union Jack waving. The staff came down with a punch into the sandy soil and twenty rifles barked and snarled under his nose.

The few men who had been behind him turned and ran, and dear old

Brooks, the captain of the team, plunged limply down head-first among the sea of men within the trench, and alone, unnoted, unthought of, the Union Jack, without a man to hold it, fluttered grimly from the hilltop of the Boers.

The shadows of the veldt bush were long. A scattering fire had burst out again on the opposite side of the hill and now out over the parapet there swarmed a motley crew of half-clad fellows, big, bony and strong.

As the sun dipped and the quick twilight of the African autumn spread over the land, a little ring of desperate men, close huddled together, guns and wagons abandoned, retreated across the plain, driven steadily all night, back towards the coast, back toward the spot where the run rose, struggling, fighting, cursing, always driven back, carrying with them disaster, sorrow and disgrace to the British arms.

Up on the hilltop, empty now save for the silent forms that lay here and there, or for some angel of mercy who flitted from tangled group to group with water-can, up there in the light of the moon, with his face to the ground, lay Brooks, the Captain of the School, our Brooks, who had always led us to victory.

---

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE.\*

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried the old chevallier, clapping his hands together to attract the attention of all those in the room, "this brilliant young author and poet, who needs no introduction to you, has consented to read his latest production. Will you kindly take places?"

There was some polite applause. "The poem! let us hear the poem," buzzed upon all sides, and the throng began to settle down around the poet, the ladies occupying the chairs, and the gentlemen either leaning against the walls or seated upon stools by the side of those ladies in whose eyes they found particular favor.

In a few moments a hush of expect-

\*Robert Tournay. By William Sage. Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ancy fell upon an audience delighted at the prospect of being entertained.

"This is a play in verse" began the poet, taking a roll of manuscript from his pocket.

"A play! how charming," said Mademoiselle de Belloc.

"It is in three acts," continued the author. "Act first, in the prison of the Luxembourg, where the young people first meet and fall deeply in love."

A rustle of approval ran through his audience.

"Act second is in the prison yard where they are separated, she being set at liberty and he conducted to the guillotine."

"Oh, how terrible!" murmured the young damsel.

"One moment, monsieur le poète," said Madame de Rémur. "How does it end? I warn you that I shall not like your play if it ends unhappily."

"You shall judge of that in a moment, madame," replied the poet, bowing to her graciously.

"In the third act," he continued, "the lovers are brought together under the shadow of the guillotine, whither she has followed him. The knife falls upon both of them in quick succession, and their souls are united in the next world never to be separated more."

"What a beautiful ending," cried Mademoiselle de Belloc, and the exclamation on the part of the audience showed that her sentiment was echoed generally.

"Continue," said Madame de Rémur. "I was afraid it was going to end unhappily."

The chevalier took a pinch of snuff and settled himself back in the arm-chair which was accorded to him as a tribute to his advanced age; and the poet unfolded his manuscript and began to read.

It was an intensely appreciative audience that listened to the dramatic work of the poet. They followed with

breathless interest the meeting of the young lovers in the hall of the Luxembourg; assisted smilingly at their rendezvous in the corridors and shadowy corners of the old prison; and sighed gently during the most tender passages. At the scene of separation, tears of regret flowed freely, and in the meeting in the last act, tears of joy and sorrow mingled together in sympathetic union.

As the young poet ended he folded up his manuscript and bowed his blushing acknowledgements to the storm of applause that greeted him.

The wave of approbation had not ceased to resound through the room when the outer door opened, and the jailer and some half a dozen gendarmes entered abruptly.

Instantly the hum of conversation stopped, and an icy chill fell upon the assemblage. Faces that the moment before were wreathed in smiles now became deadly pale and marked with fear.

"The call of tomorrow's list to the guillotine," rang out through the room in harsh notes.

Amid the silence of death, a captain of gendarmerie took a slip of paper from his pocket, while a comrade held a lantern under his nose. Some of those who listened wiped the clammy perspiration from their foreheads, others trembled and sat down. Some affected an air of indifference, and began a forced conversation with their neighbors; but all ears were strained. Each dreaded lest his own name or that of some loved one should be called out by that monotonous, relentless voice.

"Bertrand de Chalens."

An old man stepped forward.

"Annette Ducles."

There was a pause after each name, during which the suspense was intensified.

"Diane de Rémur."

Madame de Rémur laid aside her work and rose.

"Diane! Diane! I cannot bear it!" cried the Countess d'Arlincourt, throwing her arms about her friend's neck. "Oh, sirs, have pity!"

"Hush, my dear," replied Madame de Rémur soothingly. "Chevalier, look to the poor child; she is hysterical." The chevalier gently drew the countess aside, then took Madame de Rémur's hand and silently bending over it, put it to his lips.

"Take your place in the line, citizeness," called out a gendarme, and Madame de Rémur stood with the others.

"André de Blois!"

As de Blois' name was called, a shrill cry echoed through the room, and Mademoiselle de Belcœil fell back into the chair from which she had just risen. She did not swoon, but sat like one in a dream, staring with wide-open eyes.

The count stepped to her side.

"Adèle," he said, bending down and speaking in a low voice, "give me one of those roses you are wearing on your breast." Mechanically she took the flower from her bosom and put it in his hand. He placed it over his heart. "It shall be here to the last," he said softly; "now farewell;" and he pressed a kiss upon her cold lips.

"Maurice de Lacheville."

A man crouched down behind a group of prisoners, and all heads were turned in his direction.

"Maurice de Lacheville, you are called," said a gendarme, going up to him and seizing him by the arm with no gentle grasp.

"There is some mistake," cried de Lacheville, pitliably.

"There is no mistake, your name is here."

"I say, there must be some mistake. My arrest was a mistake. I was promised—"

"Into the line with you," was the gruff interruption. "Many would claim there was a mistake if it would avail them to do so."

"But in my case it is true," pleaded de Lacheville. "Send word to Robespierre; he promised—"

"Into the line, I tell you!" cried the exasperated gendarme. "There is no mistake; your name is written here. You go with the rest."

"One moment, one little moment," implored the wretched marquis in an agony of fear. "Oh, messieurs the gendarmes, if you will but hear me, I have an important communication to make." All this time he was fighting desperately as the two officers of the law dragged him toward the door.

"Silence, idiot!" yelled the angry captain, "or I will have you bound and gagged. Take example from these women, who put you to shame."

"Idiot that I was," cried de Lacheville, "why did I ever return from a place of safety? None but a fool would have trusted the word of Robespierre."

"Bind him," ordered the captain.

With a strength no one would have believed that he possessed, de Lacheville threw off those who held him.

"Stand back!" he shouted wildly, as the officers endeavored to seize him. He drew an object quickly from his pocket.

"Take care, Jean. He has a weapon," cried one.

There was a report of a pistol, and the marquis fell forward to the floor.

A murmur of horror filled the prison hall. Women fainted, and men turned away their heads. The gendarmes hastened to bend over him.

"I believe he is dead, captain," said one after a brief examination.

"Carry him out with the others just the same," ordered the captain. "Pierre, continue with the list."

"Bertrand de Tourin."

"Here."

"Adèle de Bellocil."

There was a cry of joy in the answer,—

"I am here. The Blessed Virgin has heard my prayer;" and Mademoiselle de Bellocil stepped forward. "André, I come with you; we shall go together where they can never separate us."

And she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

"About face—fall in—forward! march." The heavy door closed, and those who had been called were led away, while those remaining in the prison went quietly to their cells, to recommence the same life on the morrow until the next roll call.

### THE CONFERRING OF THE HAT.\*

In the King's antechamber the preliminaries for the aristocratic ceremony had begun, which was instituted by the Emperor Charles V, when the privilege of keeping on their hats in the King's presence, formerly common to all titles, was limited by him to only twelve *grandees* of Spain, who have since been called first class *grandees*, and who were the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, Albuquerque, Infantado, Alba, Frias, Medina de Rioseco, Escalona, Benavente, Najera, Arcos, Medinacell, and the Marquis of Astorga. From that time to this, there has scarcely been any change in this ceremony, which it is customary to celebrate, like the majority of State rites, in the King's antechamber.

This room forms a vast square of severe magnificence, whose ceiling, painted by Maella, represents an allegory capable of striking terror into the hearts of all those great personages destined to figure in history who gaze upon it: Truth discovered by Time. To the right of the door of the Saleta which gives entrance to the antechamber, open out two balconies which overlook the Armory Square, and on the left are two doors leading to the interior rooms, while a screen at the op-

posite end directly communicates with the King's Chamber.

The whole room was tapestried in rich, dark-blue cloth, covered with large fleur-de-lis, and the interlaced initials A and B in embossed velvet. Four large portraits of Charles IV and Marie Louise, Ferdinand VII and Queen Amelle, filled the niches on either side of the two doors between the Saleta and the King's Chamber. Along the walls, benches of the same tapestry were placed, broken at intervals by five magnificent consoles of marble and bronze sustaining candelabra, and the busts of Isabella II, Francis of Assisi, Philip V and Ferdinand VI.

Between the two balconies, upon one of these consoles, and opposite a marble mantelpiece adorned with a colossal mirror, was a large bust of Charles III, covered with the royal mantle, and whose armor was richly chiselled. All the doors of the antechamber were thrown open, except that of the Saleta, and crowded together behind the curtains were the families and friends of the *grandees*, anxious to witness the lordly spectacle. Before the door of the King's Chamber was a table covered with rich crimson velvet, and a large seat of honor intended for the King.

\*Currita, Countess of Albornoz. Translated by Estelle Huyck Attwell from the Spanish of Luis Coloma. Copyright, 1900. Little, Brown & Co.



At two o'clock exactly, the latter entered through the door of his chamber, followed by the chief majordomo, the grandee on guard, the adjutants and grandees who had already received the hat. The King was dressed in the uniform of a captain-general, and carried the three-cornered hat in his hand. He seated himself and covered his head: the grandees covered their heads and remained standing on either side of the Saleta. The ceremony was about to begin. The Keeper of the Royal Seal, whose duty it was to attest the act, now threw open the large door of solid mahogany, saying:—

"Your Majesty!—the Marquis of Benhacel!"

The latter, whose family was oldest among the grandees, must therefore receive the hat first. A young man entered the room, his right hand in that of an old gentleman, and his left in that of the acting majordomo. The young Marquis was attired in the gala uniform of an artillery captain, and the old gentleman, decrepit and bent, in that of an admiral of the navy, his breast covered with crosses. He was the Duke of Algar, grandfather and sponsor upon this occasion to the young Marquis of Benhacel, about to receive the hat. The old gentleman had on his three-cornered hat, and the young man carried his in his hand, leaving exposed to view an energetic and characteristic Spanish head, with a somewhat sun-burned complexion and brilliant black eyes, which seemed to reflect the steel temperament of a valiant race.

His entrance was magnificent, and a murmur of respectful sympathy greeted the illustrious pair, who appeared in the doorway, old age leaning upon youth, like Hope, evoking a memory, or an allegory of Experience leading Valor by the hand, to lay a sword without spot upon the steps of the throne. On the very threshold of the

room they both made the first court bow; the second was given in the centre of the room; and the last when directly in front of the King. They then saluted the grandees to the right and left, and the latter immediately responded by raising their hats. The old Duke and the majordomo now fell back a step, leaving the young grandee alone in the middle of the hall. Then the King, giving a military salute, said:—

"Marquis of Benhacel, put on your hat and speak."

The Marquis at once obeyed, and addressing the King, delivered a brief discourse, in which, as was customary, he gave a vigorous sketch of the glorious history of his family, which originated with Fortu of Torres, who fought with Alonzo the Wise and died in the Alcazar of Jerez, holding between his teeth his King's flag, unable longer to sustain or defend it with his two mutilated hands. The voice of the artillery officer, timid and hesitating at first, became gradually stronger, as if these glorious actions found an echo in his heart sufficient to imitate them, and when he finally began to describe an episode of Trafalgar, which he called his family's last feat, his voice vibrated with those mysterious inflections of sentiment which always seem to elevate the orator to a higher sphere, lending him not only the faculty to persuade and the power to move, but even the right to command.

"Gravina was dying in his chamber, and the ship Prince of Asturias was returning to Cadiz, stripped of her rigging, and under command of a man who had engaged in the battle, with his three sons, and was returning home with only one, the youngest, an inexperienced midshipman. The storm increased toward midnight, and it became necessary to cut loose a mast which ill-luck held fast to the round-top of the vessel by a cable, causing

the ship to lop over, in imminent danger of sinking at any moment: three seamen climbed up one by one to cut the cable, and all three were struck down by the tempest and buried in the waves. Then this man of iron, who saw his surviving crew tremble before the duty of inexorable obedience, turned to the only son left him, the idol of his heart and last hope of a grand family, and said to him simply:—

“‘Sir Midshipman! it is your turn!’”

“The boy, with the hatchet between his teeth, climbed to the round-top, and because Our Blessed Lady helped him, cut the cable.”

In the midst of the profound silence which seals men’s lips and moistens their eyes when the feeling of the sublime inundates the heart and makes the breast heave with sobs, Benhacel turned slowly towards the old Duke and added, pointing him out:—

“That boy midshipman was my grandfather; the hero was his father. My own father,” he continued in a voice in which symptoms of tears were

visible, “also served his King in the Royal Navy, until the year ’68, when in the month of September he discarded his uniform and broke his sword: I, Sire, unsheathed mine for the first time in the battle of Alcolea, and faithful to the traditions of my race, I come to offer you to-day, as grandee, what I have already given you as a soldier.”

Upon saying this, he clasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, everybody remarking the absence of his two middle fingers. A vat of powder had blown them off in Alcolea.

Benhacel ceased speaking, and in the midst of a profound silence, the greatest homage which admiration and respect can render, he uncovered his head, bent his knee to the ground, and kissed the King’s hand. He then saluted the grantees on either side of him and, accompanied by his grandfather, took his place among them. The old man cried like a child; one of them said:—

“The admiral weeps, but the midshipman did not.”

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

Tennyson’s Surrey house, Aldworth, where he died eight years ago, is “To let.”

Mr. Ruskin’s works are soon to be published in their entirety in a French translation.

The late G. W. Steevens’s “Things Seen” is to be published in this country by Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Scribners are to publish soon a book of short stories by Mr. Quiller-Couch, called “Profitable Ghosts.” It

is safe to predict that it will be entertaining, for “Q” is never dull.

There seems to be an excess of candor in the title of a book announced in London, “The Dull Child’s Grammar.” Fancy the emotions of a child on being presented with it.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has in press for early publication a book of short stories about lawyers and their clients, entitled “The Case and Exceptions,” and written by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill of the New York bar.



Stephen Crane's posthumous novel, "The O'Ruddy," is not to be finished by Robert Barr, as was at first announced, but by Mrs. Crane.

Among the fall announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co. is a Christmas story by Paul Leicester Ford, entitled, "Wanted: A Matchmaker."

M. Jules Verne, whose name was once one to conjure with, is reported at work upon a new book of travel. He is in his seventy-third year.

It must be with mixed emotions that most readers will learn of the discovery of a new instalment of the diaries of Marie Bashkirtseff, and the promise—or menace—of their publication.

Readers of that charming book "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" will be interested to know that it was written by the Princess Henry of Pless, daughter of Cornwallis West.

Dr. William Barry, whose "Arden Massiter" is delighting thousands of readers, has a new novel nearly ready. It is called "The Wizard's Knot" and is a story of Ireland, in the time just before and during the great famine.

Among Mr. G. W. Steevens's effects were six unpublished articles on South African experiences, being type-written copies of articles which were sent out of Ladysmith and lost. They have been published in the London Mall since his death.

Molly Elliott Seawell's new story "The House of Egremont" will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in a few weeks. The author has been busy for some time verifying the historical details of the story.

Mr. S. R. Gardner hopes to have the manuscript of the third volume of his

"History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate" ready before the end of the year. It will not cover more than two years. The amount of labor connected with 1655 has been great, and consequently that year occupies considerable space.

Subscriptions are being collected throughout Poland for the presentation of a jubilee gift to Henryk Sienkiewicz next November. It is hoped that enough money will be collected to buy him a country estate in Poland.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Pett Ridge's story "A Son of the State" was first published in London at sixpence, in which form it had no recognition; but on being recently reissued at six shillings it attained wide popularity.

Among the books which A. C. McClurg & Co. have nearly ready are a story of English domestic life in the thirteenth century, called "Uncanonized: A Romance of English Monarchism," the work of a new writer, Margaret A. Potter; and a copiously illustrated edition of "The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland," edited by Edward Gilpin Johnson, and based on a translation prepared from Bosc's original edition.

Henry T. Coates & Co. of Philadelphia have in press for early publication a new edition of "In the Pale: Stories and Legends of the Russian Jews," by Henry Illowizl; and a volume called "The Weird Orient," by the same author, in which will be grouped some Oriental legends and traditions which have not hitherto been printed, but which the author has collected during a long residence in Morocco.

Mr. Alex. Stevenson Twombly, who published some time ago a history of

"Hawaii and its People," has turned his knowledge of the islands to account in writing a romance of pagan Hawaii, which he calls "Kelea the Surf-Rider." It is to be published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Mr. Charles Neufeld, who wrote "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa," has completed a story for boys, called "Under the Rebel's Reign: a Story of Egyptian Revolt," in which he utilizes for fiction some of the material which he collected while a prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi. If he is a good story teller, the book should be exceptionally stirring, for he can have no lack of exciting incidents at his command.

Mr. John Murray's autumn announcements are unusually rich in books of fiction. Among them are "A Vizier's Daughter," a story of Afghan life by Miss Lillian Hamilton, who was the Ameer's medical adviser; "The Heart's Highway," by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, a romance of Virginia in the seventeenth century; "Monica Grey," by the Hon. Lady Hely-Hutchinson, and half a dozen others.

Apropos of the tendency of some writers of fiction to use the same characters over and over again in succeeding stories, a writer in the New York Evening Post urges that an asylum for used-up characters in fiction would be at least as useful as Dr. Holmes's suggested asylum for decayed punsters. But it makes a difference who the characters are; probably no one ever objected to the frequent reappearance of Thackeray's characters.

One does not often meet a book more admirably adapted to its purpose than the "Manual of Personal Hygiene," which Dr. Walter L. Pyle of the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, edits, and

for which he furnishes the chapter on Hygiene of the Eye. Intended, as the title indicates, for household rather than class-room use, the volume combines brief dissertations on anatomy and physiology with the resultant exposition of the conditions of health. It presents the conclusions of recent science in a simple, popular style, and is full of wholesome and timely suggestions. The names of the seven specialists who contribute to it appear on the title page. W. B. Saunders & Co., Philadelphia.

Mr. John Murray, who is publishing an English edition of Mrs. Edith Wharton's story, "The Touchstone," encountered a succession of difficulties with reference to the title. He discovered that the title had been already used and therefore communicated with the author, asking her permission to call it "The Touch of a Vanished Hand." Mrs. Wharton was then travelling in Italy, a circumstance which delayed her reply, but when she was at last heard from, her letter suggested another title. Investigation disclosed the fact that that title also had been preempted; so Mr. Murray went on with the printing under the title which he had proposed, only to discover when the book was printed, that a novel called "The Touch of a Vanished Hand" was published in 1889. He therefore rechristened the book "A Gift from the Grave" and cherishes a hope that no prior claimant to this title will arise.

Under the title "The Crisis in China" Harper & Bros. republish from recent numbers of The North American Review a dozen striking papers relating to the existing situation in China. They are written by Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Colquhoun, General James H. Wilson, the Presi-

dents of the Anglo-China college at Foochow and the International Institute of China at Peking, and others who write with the authority derived from special information. It is a remarkable grouping of timely papers; and it serves incidentally to illustrate the "news value" of *The North American Review*, as at present conducted.

The "Conquest of Arid America," which Mr. William E. Smythe describes and advises, is a conquest with which all Americans can sympathize, whatever their views may be upon what is called "Imperialism," for it is a conquest of peace, promising large results in the material future of America. Aridity Mr. Smythe treats as a blessing, or at least as capable of being turned into a blessing by the modern miracle of irrigation. His arguments for measures to bring together the men who need land and the land which needs men, and his presentation of the effect upon character and institutions of the co-operation necessary in great colonizing and irrigation enterprises are made pungently, and with force and enthusiasm; while his record of what has been already done in these directions is drawn from fresh sources and personal observation. The author has two qualities which are calculated to make an impression upon his readers; he is thoroughly in earnest, and he knows his subject. His book is published by Harper & Bros.

A book of lively present interest and of permanent value is Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's "Overland to China," which Harper & Bros. publish. It describes a journey of seven thousand miles which the author made a little more than a year ago from European Russia to Lake Balkal, thence by the Gobi desert to Peking, and later up the Yangtze river as far as it is navigable, and, from Szechuan southward

through the southwestern provinces to the Red river. These are regions which are very much in the world's eye just at present, and likely to be for a long time to come. In traversing them in company with Mr. Colquhoun the reader has the advantage not merely of his fresh personal impressions, but of his wide and accurate knowledge of China and the Chinese. The chapters on Peking, Manchuria, and the Yangtze valley are especially valuable. Mr. Colquhoun's volume is nearly indispensable to one who wishes light, not only on the present situation but on the far more complicated problems which are involved in the ultimate remaking of the Far East. There are maps and illustrations.

The wide-spread modern interest in psychical phenomena will certainly be stimulated, and possibly enlightened by a reading of Professor Th. Flournoy's volume, "From India to the Planet Mars," which Harper & Bros. publish in a translation by Daniel B. Vermilye. This book embodies the results of five years' careful investigation of a Geneva medium whom the author, for convenience' sake, calls Mdlle. Hélène Smith, but whose real name is concealed. The phenomena attending this woman's trances, in which she is at times an Indian princess, at other times a dweller upon Mars, and at still others Marie Antoinette, are extremely curious. Prof. Flournoy has studied them patiently and intimately, and he states his conclusions with candor. No element of commercialism enters into the matter, for the medium in question regards her powers with religious reverence and never uses them for pay. There will be many readers who will not accept all of the author's conclusions, but we do not see how any one can doubt either his thoroughness or his sincerity.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Alfred in the Chronicles. By Edward Conybeare, M. A. Elliot Stock.
- Arid America. The Conquest of. By William E. Smythe. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Asia, Eastern, A Brief History of. By J. C. Hannah. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Autobiography of a Charwoman, The. By Annie Wakeman. John Macqueen.
- Belle of Toorak, The. By E. W. Hornung. Grant Richards.
- Bernard, Claude. By Sir Michael Foster. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Birds in Northern Shires, Among the. By Charles Dixon. W. Blackie.
- Chaucer Canon, The: with a Discussion of the Works associated with the Name of Geoffrey Chaucer. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. Clarendon Press.
- China, The Crisis in. An Exposition of the Present Situation, Its Causes and Its Results. By George B. Smythe, His Excellency Wu Ting-fang and others. With maps and illustrations. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.00.
- China, Overland to. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Illustrations and Maps. Harper & Bros. Price \$3.00.
- Church Problems: A Review of Modern Anglicanism. By Various Authors. Edited by Rev. H. Hensley Henson. John Murray.
- Famines in India. By Romesh C. Dutt. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
- Father Confessor, The. By Dora Siger-son Shorter. Ward, Lock & Co.
- For Britain's Soldiers. Edited by Cut-liffe Hyne. Methuen & Co.
- For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War. By W. E. Henley. David Nutt.
- French Literature, A Short History of. By L. A. Kastner, B. A. and H. G. Atkins, M. A. Wm. Blackie & Son.
- Greek Testament, The Expositors'. Volume II. The Acts of the Apostles; St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A., LL. D. Hod-der & Stoughton.
- Geraldry in Relation to Scottish His-tory and Art, being the Rhind Lec-tures on Archaeology for 1898. By Sir James Balfour Paul. Edinburgh: Douglas.
- Himalayas, Among the. By Major Waddell. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Hygiene, Personal, A Manual of. Edit-ed by Walter L. Pyle, A. M., M. D., Illustrated. W. B. Saunders, Phila-delphia.
- India, From, To the Planet Mars. By Professor Th. Flournoy. Translated by Daniel B. Vermilye. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Latimer, Hugh, Leaders of Religion Series. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle. Methuen & Co.
- Man-Stealers, The. By M. P. Shiel. Hutchinson & Co.
- Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, The: and Other Stories and Essays. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.75.
- Mis'ress Joy. By John Le Breton. John Macqueen.
- My After-Dream. A Sequel to "Look-ing Backward." By Julian West. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Oxford Pets, Memories of Some. By their Friends. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Paul of Tarsus. By Thomas Bld. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
- Pen Sketches. By Finley Acker. Press of The McLaughlin Bros., Philadel-phia.
- Philosophy, Ancient History of. By Dr. W. Windelband. Authorized translation by H. E. Cushman. Sampson Low & Co.
- Politics, English, An Introduction to. By John M. Robertson. Grant Rich-ards.
- Poussin, Nicolas, his Life and Work. By Elizabeth H. Denio. Sampson Low & Co.
- Rubens: his Life, his Work, and his Time. By E. Michel. 2 vols. Illus-trated. W. Heinemann.
- Smith, Sydney, Wit and Wisdom of. Gay & Bird.
- Studies in Love. By Maude Egerton King. J. M. Dent & Co.
- Uttermost Farthing, The. By B. Paul Neuman. W. Blackwood.
- Voice of the People, The. By Ellen Glasgow. W. Heinemann.

.  
.  
.  
:  
y  
r  
.  
.  
.  
k-  
C.  
y  
l.  
ss  
el-  
y  
ed  
n.  
o.  
h-  
k.  
on  
ais  
ts-  
of.  
on  
aul  
ten